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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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AN ERROR IN THE ADDRESS.

Miss Winthrop had just written two letters. They lay upon her desk sealed and stamped, but not addressed. She had dipped her pen into the ink to address one of them, which was placed squarely upon the top of the other. This is a somewhat unusual method of procedure, but it was a habit of the girl's. She sometimes wrote half a dozen letters and made a pile of them, putting on the addresses after they were all done, at some inconvenience to herself and with a risk of misdirecting the missives. Yet she had never suffered that misfortune.

There was a knock, and Miss Winthrop went to the door to find that the visitor was Gladys Darrell. The two girls were from the same small town, had attended the same schools and had been sojourners in the city about an equal time. They preserved an intimacy which was not especially agreeable to either of them, but their early association and the fact that they were studying music under the same masters and had nearly the same circle of acquaintance held them together. Miss Winthrop did not find Miss Darrell congenial; she did not quite approve of her conduct in certain matters, and Miss Darrell perceived it, resented it and concealed within her heart a smoldering animosity, which was made worse by a somewhat absurd jealousy. Yet there had never been anything like a quarrel between them.

When Grace Winthrop opened the door for Gladys a round-faced boy who was the landlady's son was passing through the hall. Grace had a message for this youth, and so she excused herself to Gladys, who passed into the little parlor alone.

Gladys crossed to the desk beside the window and saw the two letters lying there. She was a girl whose great natural curiosity was insufficiently restrained by delicacy—the sort of girl who couldn't help wondering for whom those letters were intended. Beside them was a memorandum book about the size of half a playing card. It was open, and a ruler lay across it in such a way as to cover most of the left hand page and leave the other exposed. The visible page bore two addresses—Mr. Henry Lamar, Aldine building, and Mr. Willis Barnes, 21 Broad Street. They seemed to have been very recently set down in the book, and the thought flashed through Gladys' brain, "She's been writing to those two fellows."

She glanced quickly toward the door. It was nearly closed, and Grace was still in the hall. Gladys took up the two letters, saw that neither was addressed and put them down again transposed. There was not a visible sign that anything had happened, but the letter which had lain atop before was now below. Gladys went to the other side of the room and sat down in a chair. Her heart was beating uncomfortably hard, and she felt a painful, nervous desire to laugh.

She suspected that both the young men whose names she had read in the little book were deeply interested in Grace Winthrop. As to that, she was willing that Grace should have the preference and the attentions of one of these young men, but she had not yet decided which one. Mr. Lamar had a great deal of money, and Mr. Barnes was very good looking and a lively, engaging companion. It was a difficult choice. As a matter of fact, Gladys had no right to consider any such choice at all for reasons that will presently appear.

Miss Winthrop came back into the room and sat down by the desk. "I'll just address these letters if you don't mind," she said, with a smile. "Tommy is coming for them in half a minute."

Grace glanced at the little book and then rapidly wrote the two addresses. Tommy came in and got the letters.

There was a brief silence that seemed charged with an electrical embarrassment.

"Have you seen Harry Lamar lately?" asked Gladys suddenly.

The question seemed to force itself from her. It was a relief to say something which approached the subject.

"Not since the other evening,"

replied Grace, referring to some small social occasion. "I've just written him a letter. He's going to give some sort of an affair in his rooms—a college 'spread' with his two aunts as patronesses of the festivities. He asked me to make some suggestion about the music. I have been writing to him and to my mother."

"To your mother?" echoed Gladys, her face suddenly flushing.

"I've made up my mind to tell you about it," said Grace. "I am not at any sort of concealment. The plain way is the best way for me always. Gladys, we have never been friends in any proper sense of the word. You have never given me any right to do what a real friend would do—to advise you and try to help you."

"Do you think I need any help?"

"My mother thinks you do," said Grace gently. "She is a great mother, and she knows everything. That's one reason why I ought to help you now—because I have such a mother and you haven't any. When my mother was here with me week before last she learned a great many things. I'm sure I don't know how. She did not learn them from me, and we did not discuss them. But she has written to me about them. She thinks that you are not doing right, Gladys. You are engaged to Frank Leland at home. He is one of the best fellows in the world and he trusts you absolutely. That engagement is not formally announced, but it is well known at home. It is not known here. You have asked me not to speak of it."

"I don't want you to speak of it," said Gladys. "I shall probably break it, and the less said the better. I have changed, Grace; we have both changed. Our horizon is broader than it used to be. Frank Leland is nothing but a little storekeeper in a country town, and he will never be anything else. Do you suppose I will go back and bury myself there?"

"You will probably break your engagement!" rejoined Grace. "Meanwhile you are encouraging the attentions of two men, neither of whom knows anything about it, neither of whom is known to Frank, neither of whom has any idea of the favor that you are showing to the other. Gladys this isn't honest. It isn't honest enough for me nor my mother."

Gladys suddenly bent forward in her chair.

"What did you write to her?" she demanded.

"I stood up for you," replied Grace earnestly. "I said that you were over-excited by your life here; that you had lost your balance just a little, but that you would not make any serious mistake. I went over the whole case. I had to because she had done it in her letter. I said that you really loved Frank Leland!"

"I don't!" exclaimed Gladys, with seemingly unnecessary vehemence.

"Well, I said so anyhow," returned Grace, "and I believed it. I said that you were fascinated by Mr. Barnes, but that the man was a more trifler and that you couldn't help seeing it. As to Mr. Lamar—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Gladys, but the truth must be told. I told it to my mother. You are dazzled by Mr. Lamar's money. You care nothing for him!"

"Did you say that?"

"Certainly," answered Grace.

"It's true. Mr. Lamar is one of the most honest hearted, sincere and admirable fellows that ever lived, but you prefer more brilliant qualities. You have an eye for a handsome man, Gladys, and Harry Lamar, whatever else he may be, is not surely handsome. Now, I don't mind red hair myself," she added with a laugh. "I think his hair is quite magnificent, and he is such a sturdy, manly man! But he doesn't appeal to you. Just to illustrate that point and set my poor mother's heart at rest I told her what you said about Mr. Lamar yesterday."

"I called him an Italian sunset!" gasped Gladys, with horror. "Did you put that in?"

"Yes, I put it all in. Mother won't tell. Oh, it's all a joke, Gladys. You'll go back to Frank Leland and make him the best wife in the world."

"I never will!" exclaimed Gladys. "You don't know me. I will not throw away my life in that little country town. You know nothing about my sentiments toward Harry Lamar."

"You haven't any, Gladys," responded Grace. "You haven't a sentiment of any sort for Harry Lamar. That's exactly what I told my mother."

"What did you tell him?"

"About you? Nothing, of course. And I never will. I told you that I wouldn't mention your engagement and I won't. But Gladys, you'll have to be a different girl if you care to preserve my respect or the outward signs of my friendship. You are becoming tangled in a mass of concealment and deception that is not honest; that you'll regret some day; that will hurt you and everybody who loves you. It will hurt to the heart, Gladys, though you may not believe it."

"I don't believe it," said Gladys bitterly. "I think you'll be glad of it. I think you'll do what you can to injure me with Mr. Lamar. But I warn you that you'll fail."

She walked toward the door. Grace rose and followed her. Then she suddenly sat down in a chair by the center table and began to cry.

"I knew I couldn't do this," she said, "but I really tried. I could help you, Gladys, if you'd let me. But I've only made you angry."

Gladys did not know what to say or do. She was wildly impatient to get away. She could think of nothing but the two letters and the fatality which had made her practical joke recoil upon her own head. If she could only catch Tommy there might be time to prevent a catastrophe. She could bribe him and get the letters. She could destroy them or change the addresses in a disguised hand. It seemed to her that she heard the lad's step in the hall.

"You have offended me, Grace," she said, "but—but I'll come back."

She escaped hastily to the hall.

In the latter part of the afternoon Grace received Mr. Henry Lamar's card, with the information that the young gentleman was waiting in the parlor below.

Mr. Lamar seemed to have something on his mind.

"I received your telephone message," said he.

She stared at him.

"I sent no message," said she.

"Not personally," said he, "but I understood that you asked Miss Darrell to do it."

Grace shook her head.

"She called up the Aldine this forenoon," said Lamar, "and she told the man in the office that it was you who were speaking. She had previously mentioned my name, and he had supposed that she wanted to speak with me. So he connected her with the telephone in my room and forgot to break the connection when he found out that she merely wished to leave word for me. So I was called to the telephone and heard most of the conversation, vainly trying mean while to break in, of course. She said: 'I'm Miss Grace Winthrop. I have sent a letter to Mr. Lamar by mistake. I wish him to return it unread. Please be sure of this; he must not read it.' That was the substance of what she said. I have brought the letter back to you."

"I don't understand this in the least," said Grace. "There is no reason in the world why you should not read it."

He had put it in her hand. She gave it back to him.

"I understand her to mean," said he, "that this letter was meant for some one else and that it had been sent to me by mistake. I—I was a good deal hurt by the suggestion that I might have read it. Really, it didn't seem like you at all. I'm mighty glad you didn't know anything about that telephone message. I don't honestly care much what Miss Darrell thinks me capable of, but I supposed that you thought I could do such a thing even by inadvertence—Why, the words, of course, would let a person know that it wasn't for him, and"—

He completed the sentence with a gesture of horror.

"You may be very sure that I know better," Grace. And he thanked her with a somewhat absurd earnestness which gave her

the very first hint that she had ever had of the state of this young man's heart. The recognition of the fact was not painful except in its intensity. It brought a sort of confusion with it. The girl forgot what they had been talking about—forgot Gladys and the letter until Lamar recalled them to her.

"Perhaps you'd better open it," said he. And she did so.

"Why, this is to my mother!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Lamar was a slow but a very accurate thinker. He perceived that the really extraordinary features of this affair was the fact that Gladys Darrell should have possessed such a peculiar piece of information.

"You—you wrote one to me, of course," said he. "Did you pile them up? I've seen you do it. Was Miss Darrell there?"

"Really, really," cried Grace, with a mistaken loyalty, "Gladys would never have done such a thing! I will not believe that she changed the letters."

"But she did, you know," said Lamar, with calm decision, "and upon my word, I'm inclined to be obliged to her. Somehow I think it's—its brought us together just a bit—better friends, you know. I—I don't know why it should nor why I think so, but hasn't it?"

He looked at her with a desperate pleading that she should say that they were just a little bit better friends than they had ever been before. And she laughed at him and gave him her hand. And he kissed it, which, after all, is hardly a friendly thing to do—if one wishes to choose his words with precision.

Summer Attraction at the Eden Musee.

During the present summer the Eden Musee has been one of the patronized amusement places in New York City. Every day the large halls and corridors have been well filled from early in the forenoon until late at night. The majority of the visitors are from out of town. Almost every day there are representatives from overstate in the Union and many foreign countries. Out of town visitors consider the Musee almost as great an attraction as the Brooklyn Bridge on Central Park. The entertainment at the Musee is unusually good. A large collection of moving pictures has been received from abroad and they are shown each hour in series of twelve each. The mysterious series consists entirely of colored pictures which in addition to being highly interesting are works of art.

The new orchestra is undoubtedly the best that has been at the Musee in many years. Each individual member is an artist of standing and the combination charmingly renders classical selections and popular music. Two concerts are given daily afternoon and evening and no two programmes are alike. Among the wax groups there are many new attractions that will be of interest to visitors. Among them is an excellent figure of the new Pope, Pius X, and also Pope Leo lying in state. Many rearrangements of existing groups have been made.

The Scotch Halfpenny.

Englishmen are familiar with the name "bawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. Those who meet with the word in their reading do not often stop to ask how it can be applied. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scottish halfpenny at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "bawbee," or baby came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the bawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.—*Pearson's*.

Men are more helped by sympathy than by service.

Novel Fire Escape Device.

What Chief Parroy of the New York fire departments regards as the best thing he has seen for aiding in extinguishing fires in high buildings or in saving the lives of persons imperiled therein was shown to him recently by Emil Fless, a native of Germany, who though for sixteen years a resident of New York city, has spent the last two years in his native land aiding the inventor of the device in perfecting it and securing patents.

The device is not at all complicated, being simply the application of principles already well known to mechanics. A substantial truck bears the fire escape, which largely consists in such an application of the familiar jointed scissors-like or double framework that the outer joints or junction of every second pair of its legs are so shaped and adjusted that they can serve as supports for platforms of gangways, which can be put up at the various heights of the floors of inhabited buildings.

These platforms may then be dropped forward so as to come near to the windows of the burning structure, thus forming a passage-way from the building to the platform on the fire escape. There are two ladders on this, one for ascending, the other for descending, and the imperiled ones may thus descend out of his harm's way. Or if on the opposite side of the street to that on which the fire is burning there is another building platforms may be sent out to connect with its windows, and those endangered may walk safely into the building and escape. If the platforms attached to the fire escape are not long enough to reach the burning building there are provided portable bridges that are attached to the platforms and sent directly into windows.

In addition to aiding persons to escape, the devices will be of great value in fighting fires, and lines of hose may be carried to any desired floor, and from the platform the flames may be fought direct.

The device may also be used in military operations where it is desired to make observations from a great height, as a base for directing search lights and heliographs or for wireless telegraph stations.

The platform can be erected in four minutes to a height of fourteen stories by two men. It operates by means of cranks. It may be made of any height, the weight being about 200 pounds to a story. One horse may pull it, but it may also be propelled by electricity.

The inventor of the device, Otto Lampo, is a successful and wealthy German civil engineer who now occupies the house in Baden-Baden in which Blumark formerly lived.

Army Officer's Wife a Problem.

One of the most delicate problems with which the military authorities have to deal is the army officer's wife. In the navy, where the duty separates the officer from his family, there are none of the trying considerations induced by garrison life in the army. One of the features of this social factor is the appointment to commissions of men who have served in the enlisted force, and there is always the terror that an army officer, no matter whence he comes, shall bring with him a wife who is not up to the service standard. The mere suggestion of anything which will add to this problem is calculated to throw the military establishment into ethical hysteria; yet one officer, Captain T. Bentley Mott, of the Artillery corps, in a certain plan he has proposed, has approached this subject with fearlessness and defiance and met the issue with candor.

He has suggested that army commissions be opened to the older non-commissioned officers, partly as a reward to that class and an inducement to have good soldiers remain in the service, and partly in order to obtain junior army officers of experience and ability. Among other things he anticipates the objection which may be raised on the ground that these old soldiers are likely to be "impossibly" married. But he says there are no social deficiencies of men promoted after fifteen years of service in the ranks which are not offset every day in the problems

presented by men who have been coming into army commissions by way of West Point and the ranks. He says that four years spent at the military academy, or a less time at a military post as an enlisted man, do not alter the origin, tastes or social peculiarities of people who come from all classes of our democratic life, and he believes that a short time as a commissioned officer will harmonize "those affinities natural to all agglomerations of individuals." He adds:—

"The same would happen to the soldier commissioned after fifteen or twenty years of service, whether married or single; his official social position would be shortly fixed by exactly those forces which to-day determine the place of all officers, whether they come from West Point or the ranks. As for his wife, if in a matter vitally affecting the efficiency of our army we must consider the question, there is no reason to suppose that she would greatly differ from the women whom many officers now marry, or that her troubles or other people's concerning her would be a matter of real importance to the service."

It is a long time since any officer has been so straightforward and emphatic in treating of a subject which most army people have spoken of in nothing above a bated breath.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Plan for Dustless Roads.

An important experiment is being made by the West Sussex County council, in England, with a view to constructing a road which shall be dustless, have a smooth surface and resist percolation of water, says a special cable dispatch from London to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*.

The piece selected for the experiment is near Horsham. The stones used were Cherbourg quartzite, and in order that they should be thoroughly dried they were placed upon iron plates over a flue in the council's shed at Horsham. After the stones had been well heated they were spread out and allowed to become somewhat cool.

Then they were deposited from five inches to six inches thick on a wooden platform and covered with tar—five gallons, with a little pitch, being sufficient for a ton of stone. The stones were turned over and over, so that each had a coat of shining black, and afterward placed in a heap to mature.

At the present time the stones are being carted to Monksgate, on the Brighton road, and spread to an average depth of about five inches. They are consolidated by a ten ton steam roller, and clean sand is sprinkled over the surface just for a covering. About 100 tons of quartzite has been treated and will be sufficient to lay down upon a length of from 125 to 150 yards of road. Four hundred gallons of distilled tar, with which was mixed a little pitch, have been used.

Strange Currency.

In Dahomey, according to a French official report recently issued, the currency is cowrie shells, of which a sack of 20,000 is considered the equivalent of \$1.50. Seven hundred cowries are worth about 5 cents.

To Improve Submarines.

A remarkable invention has been adopted by the British admiralty, the effect of which is to increase the efficiency of British submarines, says a London cable dispatch to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*.

At present the radius of submarine attack is restricted owing to the difficulties of ventilation and the carrying of fuel, but experiments warrant the belief that the new submarines will be able to travel immense distances, with disastrous effects on the ports of an enemy.

The existing submarine fleet of Britain is not, however, rendered obsolete. On the contrary, it can easily be adapted to utilize the new discovery.

The inventor is a British officer well known for his brilliant capabilities. The most remarkable features in his design is its extreme simplicity. Details of the invention are of course withheld by the admiralty.

Learning to Spin and Weave.

MORE THAN 500 STUDENTS NOW AT WORK IN THE LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL.

The latest bulletin of the great textile school at Lowell, Mass., says that the fall term has opened with 521 students, of whom 111 are in the day school and 410 attend the night session. The school is overcrowded by the large increase in attendance, and it is fortunate that its new buildings are now ready for occupancy.

New courses are being introduced, the latest of which is in electricity. No department of the school is now more crowded than that of chemistry and dyeing, and, naturally, laboratory work will be a large feature of this course in the new rooms now ready for use.

In the new buildings there is more than two acres of floor space, as contrasted with 25,000 square feet in the present quarters. The splendid buildings just completed include Southwick Hall to be devoted to the chemistry, dyeing, finishing mechanical and electrical engineering design, decorative art and commercial departments; Kiston Hall, two-story building covering much ground and devoted to cotton spinning, and the Falmouth Street building, where the weaving and woollen and worsted spinning departments are housed.

A school at Lowell for thorough instruction in the theory and practical art of manufacturing all fibres known to the textile industry, although proposed early in 1891, was not determined upon until the organization, methods and scope of such school in Europe had been carefully studied and their value to the textile interests of leading foreign countries had been demonstrated. The city of Lowell and the state gave financial aid and the manufacturers of New England were very liberal in their contributions.

In the "Mother Textile City of America" it was certain that the student would have a special advantage in being directly in touch with the textile industry. The school was opened on January 30th, 1897, in the presence of a large gathering of gentlemen interested in textile industry from all part of New England. Classes have been regularly conducted since that time.

In this school the principles of science and art are taught with a view to industrial and commercial applications. There is an abundance of high-grade machinery with all the latest improvements, the institution having a more extensive equipment than any other textile school in America or Europe.

The lecturers and instructors include men from the leading scientific and art institutes, and also those who have had special experience in textile school work and in the various processes of textile manufacture. Each course is intended to cover three years, but it is optional with the student whether he shall take the full course, though this is strongly recommended.

Many of the operatives in the mills of Lowell are studying in the school. This is the reason that the night classes are so much larger than the day classes.

One of the most interesting departments is that of decorative art, in which the students have general instruction in theory and practice and afterward in the special branch the student desires to follow. The department aims to prepare the student for practical designing in any of the branches of decorative art, with special regard, however, to fabrics.

The Lowell school has already proved its great usefulness, and in a few years has taken its place among the most useful and successful technical schools of the country.

August Scenes.

Summer time where the lizards run,
On the scorcher's field an' plain;
Nigger sings in the brilliant sun,
An' the white man prays for rain.
Summer time, but the cool wind blows
Over the valleys deep;
Waves a daisy, rumples a rose
And sings your soul to sleep!
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

EVIL SPEAKING.

There are few vices to which human nature is more prone than those which our Catechism bluntly calls "evil speaking, lying and slandering," though we generally give them euphonious names—violations of the Ninth Commandment, though not uttered in a court of law and under oath, but in the curia of individual judgment, and with little or no sense of responsibility attaching to one's deliverances.

Hardly any sin is more easy to fall into or so hard to keep free from. One is not checked here, unless a very flagrant offender indeed, by fear of the censure of society, for gossiping, tale-bearing, backbiting, scandal and other mild forms of lying about one's neighbors is rather encouraged than otherwise. At the worst, it is considered by the thoughtless as a very venial fault. If cleverly done, it is thought witty. It gives spice to conversation; and is often, among shallow minds, its chief staple, being about the easiest, and cheapest form of talk that will pass current. It requires little intelligence in either speaker or hearer. Any babler can criticize and malign another with but little more effort than is required to wag a venomous tongue.

But there is more positive reason for our proneness to this fault. If it is a low and secret gratification of one's own pride, a subtle form of self-flattery. The critic and censor presumes himself to be above criticism. Comparison between one's self and the subject of gossip is always tacitly implied, and sometimes openly drawn with more than questionable taste. It is only, as a rule, a form of boasting of one's own superior virtues.

It is good and natural to seek to stand well in our own estimation and that of others. But "the best, corrupted, becomes the worst," and a proper self-respect has already degenerated into vanity and malice when it seeks to maintain or to gratify itself by pulling down the reputation of another, or to prove itself clean by befouling its neighbor.

The wrong that is done by evil-speaking is three-fold. It harms the speaker, the hearer and the spoken against. On the injury that may be done to the latter helpless unfortunate it is needless to insist. His reputation and good name are seized upon, without defence or redress, to be defamed and belittled at will by petty spitefulness or cheap and flippant wit. Few have escaped injury from this source, or have escaped inflicting it upon others, more deep and lasting than they knew.

The hearer, too, is a victim. As a drop of venom upon the flesh, the derogatory word falls upon his memory and leaves a scar. The blight of suspicion and distrust is spread. Perhaps he loses confidence in a friend. Perhaps he is only robbed of a little more of his respect for and confidence in mankind, which is the priceless possession of a generous soul, and learns the easy lessons of cynicism and distrust.

But it is the evil speaker himself who is most surely harmed, especially when envy or unkind feelings prompt his word. When a fire is discovered smouldering in the midst of a house and ready to burst into flame it is not the part of wisdom to give it air and let it spread, but to confine and smother it in the least possible space. So when the flame of bitterness and censoriousness is smouldering within it, we're wise to smother it there; not to give it air, to give it expression, to let it go forth to grow and spread and to consume truth and trust and kindness. Otherwise, one's own heart is the first that is scarred, and the good which is or might be there is first consumed. While an evil report has gone forth to do the evil's

work, and the speaker, bidding it good speed, is a partaker of its evil deeds, which may be wrought far beyond his ken.

The ready excuse which is given for all forms of this speaking is, "What I say is true." But this is really no excuse or palliation in the majority of cases. Oftentimes "the greater truth the greater the libel." Is it a truth needful or good to be made known? Does it subserve the ends of righteousness, peace and good-will? If not, it is essentially a slander still. But is it the truth? If it is something one has heard, he may be sure he has not heard all the truth. Or if he has seen it, has he seen all the circumstances and read truly every motive? Is it not, in the last analysis, about one part of what is known and nine parts of what is supposed? Even the truth may be untruly spoken, and "a lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

When we are tempted to tell or to listen to some o'er true tale, to air our grievance or to express our rash judgment of another, it were wise to try our words by the law of justice and charity, by that law which says, "Speak not evil one of another," and again, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It is a perilous thing to usurp the judgment throne, and he who does so should look well that he is both clear of head and pure in heart.

"God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load,
Or a brother
'Is pierced to the heart. Words are keener
than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal!"

But the remedy for evil speaking is the cultivation of that love which "thinketh no evil"; of that true courtesy and kindness which "rejoiceth not in iniquity"; of that purity of heart which thinks on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, and doeth and sayeth all things with charity. —Southern Churchman.

THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

MR. DANTZER MAKES A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—The Report of the Proceedings of the Empire State Association in the last number of the JOURNAL is a full, interesting, and fairly correct one, but your interpretation of my report as a member of the Committee on Statistics is hardly correct. Very little emphasis is laid on the real report and much stress is laid on a digression I made while giving the report. I don't think I spoke so unkindly or harshly of the Board of Lady Managers of the Home. In order that all may know what was in my mind when I spoke, and also in order that the Secretary may have a correct version of my report, I herewith append it as near as I recollect having made it, leaving out many minor matters.

Sincerely yours,
C. O. DANTZER.
ROCHESTER, Aug. 24, 1908.

[Mr. Dantzer is informed that the paragraph he alludes to was furnished by the Secretary of the Association, and printed verbatim, as the JOURNAL editor's note book happened at that particular point to be in the hands of a reporter of the Rochester press, so that he could not transcribe the remarks that were being made. Coming from the Association's Secretary, we accepted it without even reading it over.—ED. JOURNAL.]

"THE REPORT."

"As the other member of the Committee on Statistics, I must report that during the past year I have done little beyond adding to the statistics already gathered in. Nearly one half of my statistics have been handed over to Rev. Mr. Van Allen, with a request that he care for and add to them as time went on. Taken altogether there are statistics of over 700 deaf-mutes. Among the deaths are several who died over 90 years of age, many more under 90 and over 80, and still more under eighty and over 70, but the largest number who died were between 50 and 40. I have not arranged a detailed report, as in other years, but the statistics already gathered are at the disposal of the Association. In speaking of the aged, I am reminded that one aged 98 years died three or four years ago in the Tioga County Almshouse. No one apparently heard of her until after she died. Other aged and infirm deaf-mutes are in the almshouses. There is one now in the Erie County Almshouse, and another, I believe, in the Genesee County Almshouse. I have been corresponding with the Board of Lady Managers of the Gal- laudet Home in regard to the old lady at the Erie County Almshouse, but thus far, after several months, she has not been admitted. I am one of the Trustees of the Church Mission, to whom this Home belongs, and supposed that the Home was free to all the aged and infirm deaf of the State, but recently I was much surprised to learn that a fee of \$250 was required of applicant before admission. I know it

is right to expect the well-to-do relatives and friends to contribute a certain amount annually, or for applicants who have some money to give it to the Home in return for their care the rest of their lives, for the Home is not as yet sufficiently endowed to make it independent of further charitable contributions. But to expect an inmate of an almshouse to raise \$250 is much like asking the ordinary person to raise \$250,000. The Home is for the aged and infirm deaf of the whole State, and I feel that it is wrong to require such a fee of them. There is already dissatisfaction because so few are cared for now. There is room for fifty, but only nineteen are in the Home. We should enlist the hearty support of the Home by all the deaf-mutes of the State. Some one recently told me that the Board of Lady Managers run the Home to suit themselves, and without reference to the Trustees. I have not attended the meetings of the Trustees for over a year, and am not able to speak from knowledge, but if it be asserted that we in the western part of the State have little done for the Home, and therefore have little right to discuss the matter, I wish to state that I raised something near \$500 (the exact sum is \$426), and I know that many of my people have contributed independently in sums of \$10 down. I feel that the Association should give more thought to the Home, devise ways to enlist the sympathy and general financial assistance of the deaf and their friends, but they must also demand that the really aged, infirm and incapacitated deaf should be admitted, whether they can themselves provide toward their support or not."

To Make the Deaf Hear and Spy on Neighbors.

H. G. Pape, of New York, has invented a speaking machine that promises to revolutionize the telephone system. He calls it the acoustophone and claims for it audible conversation between New York and San Francisco, when attached to a telephone. He also says it will make the deaf hear. The apparatus weighs but one pound and can be carried in the pocket.

By secretly installing the transmitter in a room, a person a long distance off may hear every sound made by the occupants. It might be dropped down a chimney and by hanging the transmitter near the firehole the person on the roof could overhear every word uttered. The appliance has been patented. —Columbus Daily Press, Friday, Aug. 14.

Can't Talk, Hear or Make Signs.

WOMAN PERPLEXES UNION HILL POLICE—SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND NOTHING.

The Union Hill, N. J., police have in their care a woman about thirty years old. She was found by Patrolman Menges wandering in Bergenline Avenue, with several hundred curious children following her. Menges approached the woman and tried to get her to talk, but she shook her head excitedly and seemed unable to utter a syllable.

Police Sergeant Wallum later tried to get her to speak, but also failed. She did not appear to hear or understand what was said to her, and even the finger sign language used in conversing with deaf-mutes had no effect.

Finally she was locked up. She smiled when the key was turned on her. —New York Tribune, Aug. 27.

TROY, N. Y.

The deaf population of Troy has been decreased by the change of residence made by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connerton, who have just moved to Geneva, N. Y., where the former has secured a more lucrative position in pattern-making at the Stove Works there.

The New York Sunday Journal, of August 23d ult., contained a picture of Troy's famous vocalist, in whom Italian masters predict another Nordica, is to charm the world. This lady is Mrs. Gertrude Shacklady Woudgen, daughter of a well-known druggist. Being a pupil of Minkowski, she has a mezzo soprano voice of exceptional richness and volume. She is going to sing the principal soprano part in the new grand opera, Theater Verdi, Milan, Italy. Mr. Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, feels proud of her and her already acquired fame, because of the fact that he was the best man at her brilliant wedding five years ago, and also for the reason that her husband is his first cousin.

Miss Agnes Killeen, of Schenectady, a bright young lady, just out of the backwoods of Michigan, was in Troy for a few days this week. She eagerly reads the news from South Haven in this paper, and says she is homesick after two years pleasant habitation in such a beautiful summer resort, and longs to go back there before long.

Miss Mary A. Lewis, of Albany, has returned home from a pleasant visit of two weeks to her friend, Mrs. William Gibbs, in Rochester. She also attended the convention,

which has added much to her store of knowledge and enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Smith and son have enjoyed a brief sojourn at Cedarhurst near Sandlake. Mrs. Smith's mother has gone to Plainfield, N. J., accompanied by her grandson, Trevelyan Smith.

It is about time to bid good bye to Miss Summer, who has remained cool through the season. New we are ready to welcome Miss Autumn, who may bring us warm jokes and pokes.

WEST VIRGINIA.

[Send news for this department to John C. Bremer, 3523 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

Miss Elizabeth Steenrod, of Mt. de Chantal, arrived home from Mannington last Thursday, where she was the guest of Miss Emma Bartlett for about two days.

Mr. Herbert Stoehr, of Echo Point, arrived here this morning, from about sixteen days' splendid sojourn in Atlantic City, Philadelphia, New York City, and other points. His cheeks are a little swollen and tanned.

Mr. Pearly C. Eller accepted an offer from a glass factory in Pittsburgh, Pa., some time ago, and quickly left here to work there.

Miss Sarah Marsh Woolmington, formerly of this city, but now of Cleveland, O., who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Corbett, over the river, re-visited her relatives and friends in this city recently, after a long absence.

The Romney School re-opens on September 9th.

Misses Lucy K. McAdams and Emma Bartlett, and the reporter, after about twelve days' pleasant stay in Atlantic City, left on the 19th inst., to pass two days in Philadelphia. They did not have time to visit all the historical places or the Home at Doylestown, but enjoyed the company of Mr. William McKinney, who acted as guide in the Quaker City. They visited the rooms of the deaf-mute club, where they made many new acquaintances. The next day the travelers were splendidly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Stiles, of Nicetown, Pa., and left that afternoon for home, where they arrived safely the next morning, but weary.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Boland, of Romney, Mrs. John Rush and Mr. Thomas J. McClurg, of New Haven Pa., reached Philadelphia on the 18th inst., from Atlantic City, where they staid about twelve days. They visited the Home at Doylestown the following day, and returned to Romney Friday morning.

The news of the birth of twin boys to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Seaton, of Chicago, caused much surprise and delight among the deaf in this city. Congratulations. They will come to Romney before the opening of the school, where Mr. Seaton has accepted a position as teacher, supposedly to take Mr. W. J. Neel's place. The deaf here wish very much for them to stop off here on their way to Romney. Will they? J. C. B. Aug. 29, '08.

Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

REV. A. W. MANN.

The General Missionary, the Rev. Austin Ward Mann, was born at Pendleton, Madison County, Ind., in 1841. He is of Virginia ancestry. At five years of age a malignant scarlet fever destroyed his hearing. In time he entered the Indiana Institution at Indianapolis, from which he was graduated in 1858. In 1867 he became connected with the Michigan Institution as instructor. In 1872 he was licensed to read the Church's services to the graduates. In 1875, he gave up teaching in order to devote his entire attention to the labor of building up "Silent Missions" in the great middle-west. In the following year he became canonically connected with the Diocese of Ohio. On St. Paul's Day, 1877, at Grace Church, Cleveland, the late Bishop Bedell admitted him to the Order of Deacons. It was the first ordination of a deaf-mute west of the Alleghenies and the second since Apostolic days. On October 14th, 1883, at the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia, the same Prelate advanced the Rev. Mr. Mann to the Priesthood. General Convention was in session at the time. He is now the third on the list of nearly 100 clergy of this diocese. He is the dean of the handful of "silent" clergy of the American and Anglican Churches.

In thirty years the Rev. Mr. Mann has crossed his extensive "Parish," embracing a dozen dioceses, more than 250 times, holding services in churches, at State institutions and conventions of alumni. Of the latter he has attended over eighty in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. He has brought nearly 900 deaf-mutes and their hearing children to baptism; and nearly 800 to confirmation; and distributed hundreds of prayer books, hymnals and tracts, which have had a blessed influence also among the hearing friends of deaf-mutes. He has held services in upwards of 400 different parishes. In 1886 he held the first prayer book service in the deaf-mute lan-

guage on the Pacific coast. He has frequently officiated at churches and missions on the Atlantic coast; also in some of the southern cities; and in Canada. He visited Europe in 1894 and 1897, one of the trips extending to the "Eternal City."

Following are the Sunday Missions founded by the Rev. Mr. Mann: St. Agnes', Cleveland; St. Martin's, Toledo; St. Margaret's, Pittsburgh; St. Aidan's, Wheeling; All Saints', Columbus; St. Clement's, Dayton; St. Mark's, Cincinnati; All Souls', Louisville; St. Alban's, Indianapolis; Ephratha, Detroit; St. Bede's, Grand Rapids; All Angels', Chicago; St. Thomas', St. Louis; and Holy Spirit, Kansas City.

The week-day missions number many more. Among those of this diocese are Akron, Mansfield, Findlay, Youngstown, Canton, Norwalk, and others. He has made two joint missionary tours with Archdeacon Abbott, assisting him in reaching the scattered "silent folk." In the course of the first tour they met 83.

This biographical sketch of one of the most useful and self-denying missionaries in the American Church speaks for itself. The offerings of the congregations of this and other dioceses are asked for the benefit of this "Voiceless Ministry" on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 30.—Ohio Church Life, for August.

NOTICE.

BROOKLYN GUILD.

A regular monthly meeting of the Brooklyn Guild will take place at St. Mark's chapel, Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, on September 10th, at 8 P. M. All members are earnestly requested to attend this meeting.

Non-members can attend the meetings of the Brooklyn Guild upon payment of ten cents, which money is used for charitable purposes.

HENRY L. JUHRING,
GEO. L. REYNOLDS, President.
Cor. Secretary.
78 South Fourth Street.

CHURCH NOTICES.

13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, SEPTEMBER 6TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P. M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M. Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P. M.

Parish meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, September 8th. Everybody come!

Tales of Two Nickels.

It was in a Boston street-car. When the car stopped at a crossing, a lady got up and went to the door. As she rose there was the clink of a coin on the floor, but before it occurred to any one to stop her, she was out of the car and across the street. Two ladies, who had sat next to her, looked with anxious indifference on the floor. One of them leaned slightly forward, but said nothing. Just as the conductor was reaching for the bellrope, a young man spied the coin and dashed out of the car. He caught the lady who had left the car, handed her the coin, ran back, caught the step of the car as the motors began to sing in crescendo, and sat down breathless. One of the two ladies opposite him leaned forward and said coldly, "Young man, what did you do with the nickel I dropped?" The passengers tittered. An old man at the other end of the car turned to his neighbor. "That reminds me," he said "of something that happened to my wife years ago."

"It was before the days of conductors, when we used to drop our nickel into a slot, and they ran down a groove to the box behind the driver."

"My wife had started out with a little change and one of those troublesome five-dollar gold pieces which used to be more common in circulation than they are now. Her eyes were not good, and so she was nervous about her gold piece, and had it on her mind all the way down-town."

"When she took a car for home, she met a friend, and grew interested in conversation with her. She put her coin in the slot absent-mindedly. The driver turned as it struck the box. You remember the coin fell into a glass compartment first, and then the driver pushed a lever which sent it into the strong box below."

"As my wife heard the clink of the lever, she thought of her five-dollar gold piece. She looked in her purse. Sure enough, it was gone. She went forward and spoke to the driver. He said he didn't look very carefully but he thought there were only three nickels in the glass receptacle when he pushed the lever."

"My wife insisted. The driver said it she would ride to the end of the line, the cashier would open the box. This meant a journey of two miles beyond our street, and my wife was in a hurry."

"An old gentleman who sat by the door said he was going to the end of the line, and offered to give her four dollars and ninety-five cents, and get the gold piece at the station. My wife thanked him and took the money. When she got home she found the five-dollar gold piece in the lining of her purse."

"Next day I went to the station. The cashier said an old gentleman had made him open the box. There was no gold piece. The old gentleman had left in a rage, refusing to give his name. He said he had been swindled, and did not want to be known for a fool."

"We advertised in the papers, but we never heard from him."

Rest and Sleep.

Rest and sleep are the sisters of mercy who go about to smooth wrinkles away from women's foreheads and otherwise repair the ravages of too strenuous days. The idea of constant occupation is all wrong.

And the woman who has acquired the art of resting—for it is an art—will be able to show in middle age a face luminous with life and youth, when her industrious sister is sore and gray.

This is not a plea for idleness, because whatever her condition in life may be the woman who has nothing to do is not only unhappy, but dangerous. She is bound to stray over into the country of the arch enemy and find the mischief especially reserved for unoccupied hands. The great hotels and boarding houses are full of the malcontents of marriage who yawn through purposeless days and form foolish acquaintances and habits out of sheer loneliness.

It is so hard not to think about what is to be done to-morrow, so difficult to lie down to pleasant dreams in the dead of night, and not toss and fret in the sleepless worryment for fear that the trouble that lies beyond the gate of to-morrow may be too great—that the sorrow or disappointment may be too much to bear.

If we might strip our minds of what they have worn throughout the day when we disrobe to don the garments of rest, we should be far happier and prettier, and voices would be tuned to a more agreeable key.

All men and women are prone to go to extremes of industry or idleness. The pendulum does not balance half way across its swinging place. Temperance in business would be an excellent texton which to preach, and the business of the household comes in for a share of the counsel.

Wood Silk.

News comes from abroad that an Englishman has patented a method of making imitation silk from wood. A plant erected near Sydowsau, Germany, is at present turning out 50 pounds of skein silk a day, which product can be increased in quantity to 2,000 pounds. The silk is soft in texture, and cream in color. Each thread is made up of eighteen single strands; a single strand is hardly perceptible to the naked eye. In strength, the real silk is two-thirds stronger than the imitation. When woven to pieces the new substitute is said to have the appearance of real silk. How this new article will compare with the genuine, in the matter of wear and price, it is impossible at present to state. The manufacturing process is likewise undiscoverable. It is asserted, however, that the pulp undergoes a chemical process and is pressed through very fine tubes, by hydraulic pressure, forming the single strands which go to make up the thread.

New Tower of Diogenes.

There rose above St. Cloud, near Paris, before the war of 1870, a sort of square tower of brick and porcelain called the "Tower of Diogenes." The state manufactory of Sevres, in France, is about to replace this tower—destroyed in one of the campaigns—by a porcelain one, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The design of the original tower has just been handed in for the inspection of the director of fine arts. It will be composed of white, blue, turquoise, rose, coral and emerald green china, 30,000 pieces in all being required for its composition. The decorations will be both from the floral and animal kingdom and will portray the legends of the forest of St. Cloud. From its great height it will overlook Paris.

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

The volcano Vesuvius rises on the mainland about 15 miles from the coast. It is encircled by a railway at the base, and up to a height of 1,900 feet is covered with cities, villages, farm houses and vineyards. At least 80,000 people live in the midst of continual danger.

Ethel's Great Mistake.

Ethel lived in Southerly, in the prettiest of white cottages, with the whitest of white-painted blinds, and the daintiest of gardens running all around the house, way out to the neat gravelled walk beyond.

Ethel was a very fortunate girl, for she was the only child of a mother who loved her dearly, and the only grandchild of an old grandfather whose only wish was to see his "little girl," as he called her, happy.

But with all her blessings, Ethel had one fault, which got her into a great deal of trouble, and, which before she was cured of it, made many enemies for her and caused her to be the most unpopular girl in school.

Ethel's great fault was selfishness. She demanded of her school-mates so much attention that, at all the little picnics of the school, there was sure to be some one who would say: "Let us leave Ethel Grey at home! She makes us wait on her until I do not want to go if she is invited!"

Ethel was always greatly mortified when these things reached her ears, and for a few days she would be more considerate. But within a week the old habit would come back to her.

In a little while the children all learned to avoid Ethel's house, and even the boys forgot their politeness and ran until they were past her door and out of sight of her window. Thus, you see, that, by the time Ethel was fourteen years old, she was a very unpopular girl indeed; although she was very kind to the poor, and none ever called upon her to help in any church or Sunday-school work without getting a generous response. But to be thoughtful every day was more than poor Ethel could do. And it was this fault which brought to her the greatest sorrow of her young life.

One day, Ethel's Aunt Avis, an old lady from the far West, came to make a visit and was at once so pleased with Ethel's pretty manners and sweet face that she spoke her admiration in terms that delighted both Ethel and her mamma.

But it was not long before Aunt Avis began to notice Ethel's indolence; and the old-fashioned aunt was so surprised that, although a guest, she spoke of it frequently.

"I wonder," said she one day to Ethel's mother, "that you permit Ethel to go on in this way. Because, my dear, you are spoiling a lovely girl who will some time blame you for not telling her of her fault. See! She is in the garden now ordering her grandfather about."

Ethel's voice came though the window:

"I have dropped my hatful of flowers, Grandpa, please pick them up!"

Ethel's mother smiled, but Aunt Avis looked very serious, indeed. The next time she saw Ethel she said gently:

"My dear, do you not think that you could be more helpful to your mother and ask less of those around you?"

But Ethel only blushed at the rebuke and went on as before. The day Aunt Avis went home Ethel was unusually domineering.

"Aunt Avis," said she, "I wish you would finish knitting my mittens before you go. And I want you to make some of that nice cake, and help me arrange these plants in the window-garden, and help me at ever so many things besides."

Aunt Avis said nothing, but if Ethel had not been so self-absorbed she could easily have seen the peculiar expression which came into her aunt's face. A week after Aunt Avis's departure there came a letter which drove Ethel nearly wild with grief and mortification.

"I am going abroad," said the letter, "and I hoped to take Ethel with me, as I know she would enjoy a winter in Italy. But, although the plan is a cherished one of mine, I must give it up, for I see that she would be a burden to me instead of a companion. I am an old woman, and need a pair of willing feet and clever hands. Tell her that I am as much disappointed as she."

Ethel's grief was really pitiful, for she saw that she had lost the chance of a lifetime. But although the lesson was a severe one, it was of much help to her, for it showed how great her fault appeared to others, and it taught her to do better at once. That was a year ago. And if you could see Ethel now you would find her one of the most popular girls in school and the most helpful, and all on account of that one lesson.

Outdone by Kansas Girls.

Students and others from the eastern cities who went to Kansas to work in harvest fields are not able in many instances to keep up with the farmers' daughters who help out in the present rush, says a Topeka dispatch to the New York Times.

In Pawnee County the other day six young fellows were laid out by the heat, while four maidens, performing the same service, sang merrily from morning to night. Similar stories come from the other counties. The easterners appear to be rugged and strong, but the change of the water and altitude, with the intense heat and burned atmosphere, put them out in short order, while the girls who are acclimated are not disturbed.

NEW YORK.

A Hundred Deaf-Mutes at Coney.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Thursday, August 27th last, there were perhaps upwards of one hundred deaf-mutes at Coney Island, mostly of the gentler sex. The attraction was the Steeplechase and Luna Park. Through the generosity of Whalen Brothers, furniture dealers of Brooklyn, N. Y., thousands of free passes, which were good to see every thing of the many attractions at the popular park—Steeplechase, were distributed broad east. Of course, many came in the hands of deaf-mutes. A representative of the JOURNAL was on hand, and in justice to the management of the Steeplechase Company, he desires to state that had the people behaved in an orderly manner, all would have been able to see every thing. When the JOURNAL representative arrived at the Steeplechase entrance he saw a sign that read: "This park can accommodate 100,000, but there are at this moment 150,000 persons in the park, and no more can be accommodated." Notwithstanding this, the crowd outside clamored for admittance, and on several occasions burst in doors and rushed in. Under the circumstance it was next to impossible to preserve order, even with the large number of policemen on hand. The crowd literary speaking "owned the park," and did almost as they pleased. Many of the deaf were met, and they said that they had seen almost every thing worth seeing, so not all the deaf that went down to Coney Island on August 27th, "got left."

At Luna Park, the crowd was not so large in the afternoon, but in the evening when the light was turned on the park was filled to overflowing, and it was an orderly crowd too. The attractions at this popular resort are better than ever before, and the management just now has underway the addition of several more new features, which will surpass anything heretofore heard of in the amusement line. Luna Park has been incorporated at Albany, N. Y., at a capitalization of one million dollars, and the management intend to buy all the available space near their already large tract, with a view of enlarging the park.

Coney Island never seemed so crowded as on the 27th of August. One hundred children got lost during the day, but so far as is known none of the deaf that spent the day there met with any mishap.

At Luna Park various societies of note have a days assigned to them, why not the deaf? If such can be arranged, and at reduced rates, it would be a rare treat to the deaf, and a novelty to even the managers to see at one time a large assemblage of the silent population of the city in their park covering in their silent, but unmistakably clear sign-language.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

"Our Maker bids increase:—
Hail wedded love, mysterious love, true
source
Of human offspring."

After eight years of ceaseless labor, Dan Cupid had the satisfaction of having his strategism crowned with victory, at last!

Miss Flora Silverman and Mr. Harry Schurman were united in happy wedlock last Sunday, August 30th, 1903. The impressive ceremony, "afore Heaven and Earth satisfied," occurred at 8 P.M., at the Synagogue on Clinton Street, after which a reception was held in their honor at the Pacific Hall in New York.

The reception room was exquisitely decorated with American flags and beauty roses, and the guests made merry to the loud strains of the soul stirring music whose sweet melodies filled the room.

It was ten o'clock when the happy couple leading, the guests formed for the wedding supper. Round and round they marched to the sweet strains of Beethoven, while scheming Cupid, frail yet mighty, followed closely at their heels, chattering, leaping, laughing, and dancing in ecstasy. The guests set down to a sumptuous supper under whose weight the tables fairly greased. The inner-man satisfied, cheer was prevalent, whilst mirth and contentment, arm in arm strode from table to table round the room. During the feast several congratulatory telegrams to the happy couple were read aloud, which received a storm of applause till the

very echo applauded again and once again.

The repeat over, the guests repaired to the reception room where dancing and merry conversation shifted the hours during the rest of the evening. Two tiny tots, less than six years old, gave an exhibition of their skill in dancing, which elicited a rain of praise and kisses from many of the guests.

Among those present were the following deaf-mutes, friends of the bride and bridegroom: Mr. and Mrs. M. Leopold and children, Mr. and Mrs. Machinson, Brooklyn, Mr. Louis Gilbert and family, Mr. Sam Rosenstock and family, Mr. Wm. Friedman and child, Miss Eva Wachs, Messrs. Joseph Schloss, of Brooklyn, Samuel Goldberg and Marcus L. Kenner.

The bridegroom has always resided with his mother in the same house which saw his birth, twenty-six years ago. Both he and his pretty wife hail from the Lexington Avenue School, which they left some eight years ago. They have received many beautiful, as well as intrinsic and useful presents from their many friends, which will adorn their charming home in this city.

The matrimonial bark has finally been sent down the stream of life! Always ever together! Sail on! Sail on with the Dove of Peace and Promise! We wish you all the joy and happiness that you both can wish.

This is a deaf man's view of an enterprising manager's generosity. There are other points of view, and we do not agree in everything the subjoined paragraph advances:—

Through the exertions of a well known deaf collector, the deaf-mutes of Brooklyn were recently invited to visit one of the attractions at Coney Island, free of charge—simply because they were "deaf and dumb." The collector aforesaid stood at the entrance of the show and passed in the "deaf and dumb" free of charge because they were "deaf and dumb." It was noticed that the "deaf and dumb's" were without exception well dressed and had a prosperous appearance, some of them wearing expensive jewelry, and gave evidence of having "money to burn," yet they were passed into the show free of charge simply because they were "deaf and dumb." The deaf collector is evidently a very wise man. In New York State there are at least ten different institutions, yet the "deaf and dumb" are passed into shows free out of pure sympathy. The poor dears.

Capt. Bill Fricken, dubbed "The Cannon Ball" by those who have played foot-ball with him, returned recently from on up-state trip which embraced the following places: Troy, Rochester, Schenectady, Syracuse, Ontario, The Falls, Buffalo and Albany. Capt. Billy was accompanied by his trusty camera, and judging from the photos he has been showing around at the rooms of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club, it would appear as if he had made the acquaintance of every pretty deaf girl in the State. Lucky Billy.

On August 25th, in the evening, about twenty deaf-mutes attended Bostock's, meeting by pre-arrangement and going in a body. They had a bully time, and the evening was made more interesting, to the sports in the party at least, by the fact that Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighter, and his pretty new wife had seats near by. Some of those who were in the party were W. A. Gilbert, wife and children, A. W. McIlwraith, wife and children, H. Eschert, wife and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Youngs, Mr. King, W. B. Taylor and Capt. Fricken.

The inclement weather of last Sunday prevented a larger attendance at St. Ann's Church, it being the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, and therefore appropriate for the deaf. Rev. John Chamberlain preached a most excellent sermon, touching on the miracle of the healing of the deaf and dumb man by Christ, as recorded in the Bible. The text for his sermon was, "And He led him aside." Rev. Mr. Chamberlain was assisted by Mr. John H. Keiser, who read the lesson for the day and gave the responses. Among the small congregation were Mrs. George W. Robertson and Miss May Stemple, of Philadelphia, Pa.

On Thursday morning, August 27th, Mrs. William Lipgens sailed for Germany on the Hamburg-American line steamship Augusta Victoria, accompanied by her little daughter Antoinette. She may be gone two or three months, and will visit her parents at Berlin, her father being a member of the State Council. She will also visit Ostende, Paris, and many other places. Mr. Lipgens would have accompanied her but for the fact that the Tiffany & Co. could not spare him long enough. Mr. Lipgens' son Willy, is boarding at Rockville, Conn., until his mother's return.

Peter F. Redington, Chairman of the Xavier Club's Outing, announces that the prizes won on that occasion will be distributed at the Brooklyn Club's Picnic, at Ridge-

wood Park, on Saturday, September 5th. Ridgewood Park is one of the largest and finest in New York. Those who go next Saturday will see vegetable towers 200 feet high, and decorations of flags, etc., for the German Festival on the following day. Besides the twenty Xavier prizes to be distributed, there will be twenty-five prizes to winners in the Brooklyn Club games. The judges and referee will give decisions without fear or favor.

Miss Beckie Newman, of Baltimore, is at the sea shore, registered at the Berkshire, Atlantic City, N. J. Many of the deaf of this city had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Newman, when she visited New York, last winter.

Mr. Robert Brown, who was graduated at Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh, Scotland, 1874, will please meet his old schoolmates, Alex. McIlwraith and Alex. J. Laing, at the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Picnic next Saturday.

Isaac Golland, Jr., goes to Trenton, N. J., next Saturday, to visit Messrs. Porter and Lloyd. He hopes for a couple of quiet days, after which he will be at his business on Broadway, this city.

Michael Kornblum, of Pittsburg, was at the Union League Club rooms last Tuesday. He was at Atlantic City, and then went to Boston. On Wednesday evening he left for the "Smoky City."

Henry Kohlman spent Monday last at Arverne, L. I. He got rattled at the swift-flying scenery and went to Far Rockaway by mistake, and had to pay extra to get back to Arverne.

Mrs. John Wilkinson died, at her home in Brooklyn, on Sunday, August 23d, after a long illness. The remains were interred at Woodlawn Cemetery, on Tuesday, August 25th.

Miss C. Newman, a deaf lady formerly resident of Chicago, but for the past two years employed in a clerical capacity in New York, is spending her vacation at King's Park, L. I.

Edgar Bloom left for St. Louis on the 20th Century Limited on Tuesday morning. He goes with his brother-in-law on a business trip, and will return about September 25th.

During the next two weeks, Miss Gussie Berley will enjoy a respite from her arduous duties with Butterick & Co. The rural retreat selected is Parkville, L. I.

Mr. Wm. Fricken arrived home safely after spending two weeks in Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Port Hope, Canada.

The Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club will have a Masked Ball at the new Liederkranz Hall, on January 30th, 1904.

Mr. Frank Ecka will spend a brief time in the "City of Elms"—New Haven, Ct., on Labor Day.

Mrs. Fred. H. King and her son Hamilton, are spending a month's visit with her relatives in Brooklyn.

WILKES BARRE, PA.

Only thirty-three deaf people attended the excursion to Harvey's lake, on August 23d. The names are subjoined:

Misses Annie Reefer, Ida Brod, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Price, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Christman, and Mr. William King, of Easton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gilmore, of Dushore; Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, James Williams, John McCoy, Herman Wirth, Mrs. Charles Pethicks, and John Barth, of Wilkes Barre; Mr. Francis Mooney, of Freeland; Mr. and Mrs. Roger Williams, of Pike's Creek; Mr. and Mrs. John Baer, of Port Forty; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Arnold, of Luzerne Boro; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Dorrencestown; Mr. Geo. Buck, of Towanda; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Young, of Catsaqua; Mr. Carl Talk, of Coplay; Miss Annie Ryan, of Plains; and Mr. Arthur Fowley, of Philadelphia.

At Bertel & Son's tin factory, Charles Snyder and Herman Wirth work, and at Dooley & Weiss's shoe factory, at Ashley, where James Byron works, deaf-mutes have a chance to get employment.

Deaf-mutes can work in the Wilkes Barre Lace Mills and others. Miss Annie Wirton works in the knitting mills at Plymouth. Miss Mamie Dress works in South Wilkes Barre Silk Mills. Mr. John McCoy works in the Wilkes Barre Lace Mills.

Many deaf-mutes think that "Professor" is James Byron, who used to be a correspondent of the JOURNAL. "Professor" is not James J. B. Byron.

Francis Mooney, of Freeland, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Byron for a couple of days, and returned home on Monday evening. He works for Cox & Bro. Coal Company.

William Swartz, formerly of Kingston, now of Harrisburg, was in this city a couple of weeks ago on business. He stayed here for a few days and then returned home. Aug. 28, '03. PROFESSOR.

ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHITECTS.

How to build attractive, snug, commodious and comparatively inexpensive houses is one of the problems with which most families have, at some time in the course of their lives, to struggle.

In many cases the entire arrangement, save some general ideas, is left to the architect, and sometimes the owner taxes his brain over the subject. In the former case-convenience is quite sure to be sacrificed either from the architect's ignorance of practical domestic life and its details or from his extreme reluctance to accept suggestions which he usually looks upon as evidence of doubts as to his ability to do his work properly. The owner of the place may do quite as badly as far as the finished building is concerned, for being without experience in utilizing space, and unable to see the end from the beginning, (for plans rarely work out as they appear on paper,) he works to a disadvantage, and so wastes space as to add greatly to the difficulty of construction as well as the cost of the structure.

In applying to an architect for plans it should be borne in mind that, whatever else he may do, the average designer never loses sight of his own present and prospective glory and advantage. First the effect, then whatever of comfort or convenience may be possible after the main point is fully secured.

This country is dotted all over with cottages which are or should be monuments to the folly of the owners, as they certainly are evidences that architecture is, according to all indications, very far from having reached a state of perfection.

Every one who has had occasion to pay builders' bills has not failed to learn that angles and corners add greatly to the cost, and yet everywhere we see houses, or rather, villas, as the architects prefer to call them, which are merely a jumble of right angles, acute angles, obtuse angles and eccentricities in the way of lines and space.

Unquestionably, the most practical and economical house is that which is plain and has square corners. Angles and cuddies are expensive, and people of moderate means should keep clear of them. It is only the wealthy who can afford them. The old-fashioned house with a wide hall running through from front to back, and clear two stories, with possible extension in the rear, was and is one of the very best models for a house that ever was built. There need be scarcely a foot of waste space, and rooms in such a house are easily arranged, are all accessible, and must have good light and plenty of air. A neat porch with strong steps will give an air of solidity to the structure, and will suggest comfort rather than straining after effect.

One of the most luxurious houses in the East was built out of a church. Some society had found its house of worship unsuited to its wants and sold it. The building, on a hillside, had a basement, the main floor being approached by a couple of steps from the front. The church was very large and high, and having been well-built, the walls were in excellent condition. An ornamental porch was thrown out at one side of the front entrance, arranged in a substantial but picturesque style. The drawing-room, library and dining and everyday-rooms were on the main floor, with the domestic machinery all below. Handsome and commodious sleeping-rooms were on the floor above, while on the third floor, which was made in a modified Mansard fashion by new roofing, were extra sleeping rooms, servants' quarters and the like. Under the basement was a cellar the entire size of the house. This, which was originally intended for coal and storage, had been admirably built, and was now utilized for the many purposes which every housekeeper so well understands, and was one of the most thoroughly appreciated features of the house.

In the entire refitting there was no effort to destroy the original shape or suggestion of the building. The windows were divided up instead of extending from floor to ceiling of the main walls, and the roof was changed for the sake of convenience.

While it is not advisable to use the plan of a church to build a cottage after, nor to buy a church for that purpose, there are excellent reasons why parties who are intending to build should examine their plans with great care to see if they are not in danger of sacrificing comfort, convenience and economy on the altar of the latest fad in cottages or villas, and finding out, when too late, that in houses, as in most of the other things in life, "handsome is that handsome does."—N. Y. Ledger.

Miss Lillian Ballis, a Fanwood graduate, formerly of Kingston, N. Y., having settled down in Port Jervis, N. Y., works in a collar factory. She has had steady employment ever since she left Kingston, a little over two years ago. She should be very glad to see her old friends when they stop at Port Jervis, N. Y. Her address is 50 King Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.

OHIO.

A Tin Wedding at Jeffersonville.

A DAY'S OUTING.

A Hebrew Wedding—Robbed of His Watch.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

We are indebted to Mrs. Ella Showalter for the following account of the tin wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hines.

The hospitable rural home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hines, at Jeffersonville, Ohio, was the scene of a most delightful celebration of their tenth year of wedded bliss, the 22d inst. Invitations had been sent out and extensive preparations made for the event some time before. Those whose circumstances prevented personal participation in the affair, sent tokens of good wishes and esteem. From Dayton, Ohio, came a large contingent of their friends, marshaled by Mr. Harry Augustus, who was master of ceremonies, and a right jolly one too. This crowd left Dayton at 5 P.M., and reached South Charleston at 7 P.M., where it was met by Mr. Hines, and given a ten mile hay-wagon ride to his home. The fun that reigned during the ride made the party forget all the jostling of the wagon. The night was dark, but Mr. Hines' thoughtfulness by bringing along lanterns supplied the deficiency. At home those who had arrived before, with the rest of the family, kept a sharp lookout for signs of the coming party. About 10 o'clock a distant light was observed in the road, and a few minutes later the noble steeds with their cargo, stopped alongside of the house and then followed a hearty handshaking all around. The spacious house was lighted up from cellar to attic and the party entered and turned the tables on the host and hostess, and made them their victims, i.e., guests for the evening. With a grace characteristically yeomanly they submitted, and turned the whole house over to the intruders.

Speeches, congratulations, handshakings and presents came in regular order, and the whole party gave itself up to cracking jokes, side-splitting reminiscences and games, the funniest being a watermelon eating contest. It was late when these enactments ceased, and then the house was divided into two dormitories, the upper one for the ladies and the lower one for the men. Those who were willing to listen to tired nature's demand, however, were given little opportunity to do so by the fun-inclined spirits, and lucky they were if they obtained an hour's repose before the sun came over the horizon and ushered in another day. During the forenoon, Mr. Hines took the party over his 115-acre farm of rich, rolling land and had it inspect his fine stock, all of which were greatly admired.

At noon as the guests were ushered into the spacious dining room, built with a view of seating from 25 to 30 persons, a great sight met their eyes. The long table fairly groaned under the heavy load of variegated viands, the foremost of all, and the one on which all eyes were most riveted, was the traditional yellow legger, done to a rich turn and dripping with gravy. Two dozen of those noble birds sacrificed their lives to satisfy the hungry cravings of the inner man and when all had their fill, nothing but bones were left to tell of the awful onslaught. The whole table testified to Mrs. Hines and her help, Mrs. Moulter's skill in the culinary art, in fact it would have done credit to any first class chef. Before the meal commenced, Mr. L. Odebrecht, who is spending his vacation not far from the Hines farm, got up and complimented Mrs. Hines on her skill in the preparation and cooking of such a varied bill of fare and congratulated both the host and hostess upon the rich blessings they were enjoying, and hoped that they would live to enjoy ten and twenty and more years of like celebrations. He doubted, however, if those added years of experience could add more skill to her culinary art.

In the evening, there was another rich feast of good things and then those who had to leave for home were given another ten-mile ride on a hay-wagon to the station. The Dayton party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Augustus, Mr. and Mrs. Showalter, Mr. and Mrs. Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Misses Lingle, Winton, Berger and Pinney. They presented Mr. and Mrs. Hines with a beautiful oak stand. Mr. and Mrs. Pitzer and Miss Newmann, of Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Elsey, of Columbus, Mrs. Dakins and mother of Mrs. Hines, each gave fine tokens of nickle-plated and granite ware, while Mr. Felix,

of Cincinnati, sent a box of half a dozen fancy handkerchiefs and two handsome ties.

Mrs. Augustus, who with her son, Hume, and daughter, Nellie have been with the Hines' folks since June, left for her home, near London, Ohio, on the 26th, for a week's vacation with her parents, and will then return to Dayton.

Mrs. Showalter, Misses Lingle, and Berger, of the celebrating party remained behind to fill the aching void made by the sudden climax to all that was such a happy culmination, and enjoy a two weeks' recuperation.

An amusing joke on Mrs. Hines is going the rounds. Early last Spring she was given by Mrs. Pitzer a package of seeds, supposed to be cucumber seed of a variety Mrs. Hines especially desired. At the proper time she planted them and bestowed more than the usual care upon the plants. The vines spread in due time and were richly laden with yellow blossoms. Mrs. Hines pictured a rich harvest and of fine pickles for summer and winter use. A few days before the celebration above noted, she went out to the patch with a large basket, expecting to return with it full and regale her guests with the first pickles of the season. But when she got to the patch, instead of the coveted article, she beheld only little green and yellow balls. She could not believe her eyes, but a fourth and fifth look convinced her that the little balls were merely citron. Poor soul, she was a perfect embodiment of consternation and disappointment, and gave vent to her feelings with a copious fall of tears.

Saturday afternoon and evening a number of the deaf and their friends hid themselves to Olan-tangy Park to get rid of the heat and dust of the city and have a good time generally. Most of the afternoon was spent on the swings and promenading about the shaded grounds. Several well filled baskets filled with good things for the inner man had been brought along. About six o'clock the contents of the baskets were spread on a long table in a shady place of the ravine, and then the party fell to and helped itself to their satisfaction. It was a regular picnic lunch of such things that just taste good when one is hungry, and ample justice was done to the viands. That over, the party scattered over the grounds and amused itself in various ways. A group, through the kindness of a park officer, a friend of Mr. Simon Kingry, was given the privilege of passing through the laughing gallery, and were thus enabled to see themselves in the long and shrot heavy weight, standing on head, and divers other ways, raising the laugh each time, to be sure, on observing one's grotesque appearance. Some of the party lingered till late on the grounds, and all enjoyed the outing. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. John Reye, who has been visiting her parents in town for a week or two.

The following participated: Mesdames John Reye and child, Fred. Schwartz, Mary Kingry, Eliza Bard, Lida Bard, Hasey, Rulley and child, Misses Anna Rodman, Alice Prouty, Mae Hasey, Anna Hasey, Ruth Hasey, Pearl Leekron, Nannie Kingry, Elizabeth Hewitt, Emma Bard, Messrs. Fred. Schwartz and son, Edward King and daughter, Walter Wark, Willie Lang, John Freeland, Adolph Seigwart, Alonzo Kingry, Simon Kingry, Olmer Cox, and the writer.

Mr. John Reye, of Cleveland, came down here Wednesday, and on Sunday will accompany Mrs. Reye and child home.

Mr. C. W. Charles is again tramping about in the printing office, having spent a month or more with Mrs. Charles and daughter in Flint, Mich. He ran over to Cleveland before coming here, and visited several of the deaf there, among them Mr. and Mrs. Nellie, Miss Breere and Weidenmier. He reports that Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt have broken up their home in Flint, put their goods in storage, and will be in Columbus soon. As soon as lodgings have been provided for Mrs. Pratt here, Mr. Pratt expects to start for the southwest, Mexico, with his son and look over the proposed goat ranch business, with a view of engaging in it if it is found feasible.

Some time ago Mr. Geo. Kihm did not appear in the games played by the Indianapolis Club, of which he is a member. Curiously enough the club was going down the notch at the same time. Later his name appeared on the list again. Since then success has come to the club in nearly each game. He has been playing sensational ball, so the papers say, and his batting average is near the .300 mark.

The Commercial Tribune of Monday gives the following account of the Goodman-Kaplan wedding:

"A wedding that may be truly said to have been a quiet one took place last night, the principals, Miss Rebecca Kaplan, of 515 West Sixth Street, and Israel Goodman, of Columbus, being deaf-mutes. The event was solemnized at Pythian Armory, at Fifteenth and Elm Streets. Rev. Mr. Funk, of the Kenyon Avenue Synagogue, officiat-

ed, and the ceremony was in accordance with the rites of the orthodox Hebrews.

"At the conclusion of the service, which was for the most part conducted in Hebrew, the bridegroom presented the bride with a ring. Then, placing a small wine glass on the floor, he crushed it with his heel. This is a sacred custom which is never omitted by the orthodox Jews, as its purpose is to remind them upon all occasions, whether mirthful or solemn, of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem.

"There were several hundred friends present to witness the ceremony, and upon its conclusion an elaborate supper was served. The young couple were kept busy all evening answering in their own way the numerous congratulations that were being showered upon them. They will make their home in Columbus, which was the scene of their first meeting. Mr. Goodman is an expert tailor and has a good position with a large factory."

The bride received her education in a Pennsylvania school for the deaf. The groom was educated partly in the Cincinnati day school for the deaf, and partly in the Columbus Institution.

The other Saturday, Mrs. Joseph Leib looked up her house and went to market to lay in a supply of vegetables and meat for Sunday. Returning home later and attempting to unlock the door, the key wouldn't enter the hole. Examination revealed a broken knife blade in the hole. After entering the house she made an examination, but found nothing missing. The next day, when Mr. Leib went to get his gold watch, it was gone from its accustomed place. It was a valuable timepiece, and its theft is greatly deplored. Not long ago some miscreant visited the place and carried off a case of honey. He evidently had a sweet morsel, and a fine one at that, as Mr. Leib's crop of honey this year was par excellence.

It was reported to us Tuesday that Mrs. Della Rice lost her purse containing fifty dollars the day previous while shopping.

Miss Nora Patterson has returned from her vacation looking browned and in good spirits.

Mrs. Mary Willing was up in Tiffin last week, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young. Miss Ida Hubbard is with them, still growing brown and fat.

The Forest City Club will picnic in Scenic Park, Cleveland, September 5th, and expect a fine time. Athletic contests will be had, and prizes given to the successful winners.

The Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society will have a social this evening, for the benefit of the Home.

Miss Louise K. Thompson, who is a guest of Mrs. Ella Zell, accompanied by Mrs. Greener and Mrs. Atwood, visited the Home yesterday. This was Miss Thompson's first visit to the place, and she has nothing but praise for it.

A visit to the Institution found all the Matrons there, and all busy in the Boys' B Study, cutting and sewing pillow cases and shams. Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson had their heads together going over the school classification list and other matters pertaining to the school.

Sunday last, Principal Patterson, accompanied Mr. R. E. Bray up to the Home. The latter preached an interesting sermon to the inmates in the afternoon. He was greatly delighted and pleased at the fine situation of the place, as well as with the neatness and contentment of the people there.

A. B. G.

Aug. 29, '03.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Ross.

These services discontinued during July and August, and resumed Sunday, September 13th.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M. through the summer.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

SEPTEMBER.

6-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

3:00 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.

3:00 P.M., Good Shepherd, Nashua, N.H.

13-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston, (Holy Communion.)

2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, (Holy Communion.)

12-3:00 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.

15-7:45 P.M., St. James, Amesbury.

30-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

8:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.

7:30 P.M., St. Peter, Beverly.

27-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

10:45 A.M., St. John's, Lowell.

3:00 P.M., Grace, Lawrence.

4:00 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.

4:00 P.M., Grace, Manchester, N.H.

In conducting the above services, I have the assistance of Lay Readers, Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee and Mr. Albert S. Tufts.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

AWAY FROM HOME.

(Continued from last week.)

The Grand Trunk Railway is misnamed. For dirt, delays, inconveniences, it takes the palm, at least on its Eastern Division. A ride of sixty miles at a slow rate of speed necessitated a change of shirt, collar and necktie, and a good wash up. Soft coal is used and it is abominable. The fifteen mile ride from Starkville to the railroad station through deep mud was bad enough, but to wait forty minutes beyond the time schedule for a train on the "Grand" Trunk System taxed one's patience, and was the cause of my missing train connections at Toronto.

The miles and miles of Canadian farms are an inspiration. The one where I stopped embraced 200 acres of pretty level land, a branch farm of 100 acres being located at Newtonville. Does farming pay, could be answered to the satisfaction of the deaf in this locality. It was interesting to watch the harvesters at work, and the various machines doing their full duty in the wide-spreading fields.

A drive to Orono, about seven miles distant from Starkville, is most beautiful. Half way between these two towns is Mount Pleasant. The road leads clean over the summit, instead of a round about route, and the "mountain" is pretty high. On the top we met Rev. Mr. Wm. Walsh, rector of Christ Church, Brampton, Ont., and his wife, who had just returned from a visit to England and Ireland. They pointed out the various towns to be seen through powerful glasses. To the north, south and west the eye could see for twenty miles in either direction with distinctness, so clear and cool was the atmosphere. To the east laid farms as far as the eye could see, and then sparkled the blue waters of Lake Ontario for another ten miles. To the north and north-east there stood out along the fringe of the lake Port Hope, while further to the west were the faint outlines of Peterboro, a city of good size, and minor towns were to be seen in all directions, but always from four to eight miles apart. The scenery was simply magnificent—nothing like it have I ever seen before. Mr. Walsh had traveled extensively, but he had never seen anything so beautiful and grand as the view from Mount Pleasant. The spreading country seemed like huge intact waves, and the well kept farms added much to the beauty of the scene, these farms being dotted here and there with harvesters cutting and gathering the oat crop. In the pastures were herds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine, browsing contentedly.

"How far, how far, with unavailing eye,
Shall the frail sight grasp the earth's
significance,
Or pierce the trackless, terrible expanse,
The vast and awful desert of the sky?"

I shall never forget this grand and most beautiful scene.

At Orono I failed to meet the illustrious editor of the *Orono Weekly News*, he being ill, and the office boy was temporarily in charge. The arrival of the mail coach every noon, except Sunday, at Orono, is always an event of great importance to the villagers and farmers. Line upon line of all kind of rigs and nags stand in the street in front of the post office, and on sighting the mail coach the shouting and "fire-works" display begins. The mail may be for fifty persons, but there are a hundred eager waiters, and the features of the farmers are as varied as the conglomeration of nags and rigs. And yet while I may have laughed inwardly at the queer sight, it is not recorded what the farmers thought of the "dood" from New York.

In winter time many of the hilly roads are made quite level by the deep snow filling the ravines and hollows, enabling the building of snow roads across the farms. I hope to be able to see Canada in its winter garb, and during the trip to see wonderful Niagara in the grip of the frost king.

Then came the day when I bade goodbye to the farm and my good friends, and arrived in Toronto too late for the steamer. So once more I buckled to this queer city, and the Dominion Exposition grounds tempted a visit. Here are on exhibition the Jubilee gifts of the English people and others to the late Queen Victoria. These jewels are valued at between eight and ten million dollars.

The return trip across Lake Ontario to Lewiston was exciting. In the teeth of the storm the breakers were alarming to one who does not know how to carry sea legs. There was a great deal of seasickness on board, the boat rolling and plunging like a frail yacht. The writer was immune from its effects, and strode about the decks with equal certainty of footing and retaining of breakfast in its proper place. All were glad to reach Lewiston, only to find the American customs officers ready to add to their misery.

After once more returning to Niagara Falls, and viewing with wonder and amazement this freak of nature, with a trip on the Great Gorge Route trolley from Lewiston, I bade goodbye to the ponderous pounding of the Falls and bled myself to Buffalo, where I succeeded in locating my old friend, Miss M.

Alice Carroll, and passed a most enjoyable evening at her home in that most beautiful residential section of Buffalo. Each year seems to add to the beauty and grace of this most charming and intelligent young lady of Buffalo. Lack of time, which I regretted very much, prevented my seeing others, among them Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. Hainline, and "Pansy." Miss Maxwell is shortly to be married, and we wish her joy. "M. A. C." is the last of a bevy of writers to remain single.

It was impossible for me to stop off at Rochester and visit some old friends whom I had almost promised to see before returning to New York. I am home again now, and the enjoyment of my trip west recurs as a pleasant dream, but unlike a dream, it does not pass away.

R. E. MAYNARD.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Miss Annie Frances Shea, of Branford, Conn., and Charles Dougherty, of Hartford, Conn., both deaf-mutes, were married at the St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wednesday morning at nine, Aug. 26th, in this city. Nuptial mass was said by Rev. Ernest Lamontagne of the St. Thomas' Seminary. During the service Rev. Lamontagne delivered a good sermon, in sign language, on Matrimony in accordance with the Catholic law, before their deaf friends being present. The best man was John S. Comstock, and the bridesmaid, Mrs. J. S. Comstock. After the ceremony was performed, a wedding breakfast consisting of six courses of food was served at the beautiful residence of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Philip J. Dougherty, 606 Farmington Ave., under the management of Besse, the caterer. After the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty left here at 12.25 P.M., for a month's wedding tour, and the chief places in which they intend to stop will be, New York, Atlantic City, N. J., Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls and Albany. After their wedding trip they will be at home at No. 40 Hopkins Street, October 1st.

Mr. Dougherty attended the school for the deaf in this city; and his wife, the St. Joseph's Deaf School for the girls in Fordham, N. Y. We congratulate them on a long happiness in their married life.

There have been many fine improvements made in the American School for the Deaf, especially for the Boys' study room, during the closing of the school for vacation. The school will be open on Wednesday, Sept. 9th, and Principal Job Williams, who recently returned from his long stay out west for the benefit of his health, will resume his duties. The deaf children will no doubt be very glad to see him again. The boys should behave well when the school opens, because the study room for the boys has been very well equipped for the enjoyment of the boys.

Charles F. Dermody, of New Haven, and Charles S. Noyes, of Stonington, both supervisors of the boys, have returned to the school.

William H. Weeks, professor at the school, returned home from his vacation, which was spent in Truro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Simsbury, Conn., died at the Hartford Hospital in this city, Saturday, Aug. 8th, after a week's illness. The readers of this paper will remember how hard he had worked for the New England Home Fund, as one of the collectors for Connecticut. He received \$140 from the brick plan collections, including donations. Moreover he was a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Benevolent Society, of which John S. Comstock is president, and a good worker among the fellowmembers. He was fifty years old. He attended the American School for the Deaf, in about 1852.

The Little Pachs.

The other day Tip mentioned Alexander Pach, retiring president of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes. Brainy chap. Knows everybody. He went to school at Red Bank with my old friend Geo. W. Chandler, and was the brightest boy in his class—bar Chandler, of course. His father, mother and three brothers are living in Red Bank now. Pach, Senior, is a wholesale tobacco dealer. His brother is a noted photographer. Aleck was a lover of sport. Swimming was his hobby. Every fish in the Shrewsbury knew him. He was a great diver, and too much water in the ears caused total deafness. He cannot hear it thunder. If "Little Animosity" were to go off behind his back he would not know it. There are six beautiful little Pachs, photographed by their father in steps and stairs. They happened along exactly two years apart, and are well, healthy, happy and talkative.—N. Y. Press.

Beginning to Realize it.

"I never heard Dinsmore acknowledge that he was growing old before to-day."

"How did he acknowledge it?"
"He announced that he felt just as young as he ever did."—*Des Moines Free Press.*

WESTERN NEW YORK.

Many things have happened since our last letter was written, but as many of them are no longer news, they will not be chronicled.

Miss Anna McPhail, of Buffalo, spent Saturday, July 25th, at Niagara Falls, at a family reunion, and while there was surprised to meet a large number of deaf-mutes. It was a picnic by Canadian deaf-mutes.

Messrs. Frank Wayman, of Chicago, and Thomas, of Oakville, Ontario, spent Sunday, August 2d, in Buffalo, and Misses Hutchinson, Munro and O'Neil, of Toronto, visited Buffalo on the same day.

Miss Gertrude Maxwell is now in Buffalo with her sister, where she will remain until October. She has been seen recently at a number of parties.

Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer and boys spent Thursday, August 6th, at Crystal Beach, visiting for the greater part of the time at the Hubbel Cottage.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Volker, of Buffalo, was baptized by Rev. Mr. Dantzer, on Sunday, August 9th. The sponsors were Mr. Michael Schwagler and Miss Josephine Keller. An elegant spread was served at their home, on Genesee Street, after the christening.

Nearly all pronounce the Convention at Rochester on the 13th and 14th a fairly successful one, but as usual proportionately very few joined the association. Still much good was done. At the church service on Thursday evening, the 13th, good addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Converse and Brush, of St. Luke's Church, as well as by Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Dantzer. Before the addresses, Mr. Dantzer baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hayes. The child received the name Katherine Augusta. The sponsors were Mrs. Katherine Knofer, Miss Augusta Miller and Mr. Thomas F. Jewell.

For the success of the convention proper, as well as the picnic, on Saturday, credit should have been given to the committee: Messrs. Chas. D. Gibbs, E. P. Wood and Charles Critchley, who one and all worked hard.

The barn, with all it contained, belonging to the father of Miss Amy Cook, of Geneva, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire, after being struck by lightning during the terrific storm of Wednesday, a week ago. The barn had just been filled with hay, oats and some other grain, and these, with one horse, some implements etc., were totally destroyed. There was a small insurance on the property.

Mr. Hicks of Westbury, L. I., spent several days during the week of August 9th with the Tuttle, of Geneva. He also visited at the Lake farm, in Medina.

Mr. J. L. Connerton has a good position at his trade of pattern making with the Phillips & Clark Stove Company, of Geneva, N. Y. He, with his wife, have moved from Troy and are now domiciled at No. 5 Hallenbeck Street, in East Geneva.

Mr. Delos C. Birdsell, of Rochester, has been spending his vacation cruising about in his launch, Normeda, from Charlotte, along the shore of the Lake to Oswego, and thence through the canal to Seneca Lake, where he was last heard from at Geneva. On his way from Charlotte toodus, his little launch, which is only 21 feet long, was in the trough of a heavy sea, but rode the waves well. Mr. Birdsell built the launch himself, this being the ninth he has built. It is fitted with a 3-horse power gasoline engine, and has a cabin, where he sleeps and cooks his meals. Last Monday, a merry party made up of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, their grand daughter, Eunice, Miss Olga Crane and Rev. Mr. Dantzer, were taken out for a ride in the launch on Seneca Lake. The ride was much enjoyed.

Mrs. Dantzer and two boys have finally left for Evansville, Ind., where they arrived safely on Friday evening, August 21st. On the evening before they left Buffalo they were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Weil. Others also called during the evening. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hainline, Mrs. Jones, Misses Maxwell, McPhail, Schweikhardt, and Mr. August Kowald.

Mr. August Kowald has been visiting friends and relatives in Rochester and Buffalo for a few weeks. He returned to his home at Pearl River, last Monday. Little Anna Costello, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Costello, of Bemus Point, Chautauqua Lake, is seriously ill with Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis. Their many friends will hope for a turn for the better in the little one's illness. Their younger child, Fabius Edward, was baptized in the chapel of St. Luke's Church, Jamestown, last Sunday. The sponsors were Mrs. Lillian Morningstar, and Lester Morningstar. Rev. Mr. Dantzer, who conducted the service, gave an address on the duty of the deaf contributing toward the Gallaudet Home. About fifteen were present at the service.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 31, 1903.

There is no greater misfortune than prosperity in evil.

DAYTON, OHIO.

After spending nearly three weeks in Dayton, Mrs. Albert Berg and children departed last week for home in Indianapolis, accompanied by Mr. Albert Berg, who came here directly from Chicago a couple of days before. While here Mrs. Berg, with Mrs. Holycross and Mrs. Cory, went to West Carrollton one day and spent the day with the Van Doren folks. Two Sundays ago, accompanied by the same ladies, Mrs. Berg went to Columbus to visit the State school for the deaf, which she says, is the finest building she ever saw. Though Mrs. Berg is an Indiana girl, being born, raised and educated on Hoosier soil, she declared Ohio is in the lead in everything.

Miss Florence Holycross of Columbus spent all last week with her cousin, Miss Florence M. Holycross, of Fluhart Avenue. Both are speaking girls. Both departed yesterday for Columbus, where the latter will spend two weeks.

Mr. A. B. Greener, a prominent teacher of the deaf at Columbus, was in Dayton one day last week on business in connection with the Children's Home and the County Infirmary. He came here to see if he could get several deaf and dumb inmates from these institutions moved to the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, which is situated several miles north of Columbus. The said Home is supported by the deaf citizens and their friends in Ohio. It does not receive any aid from the State. It was started more than ten years ago and now has more than fifteen inmates. It has no debts at all. This speaks well for the deaf who can support it, notwithstanding the misrepresentation made by the public. It is more than probable that Miss Elizabeth McFarland, who is now employed at the Children's Home, will be transferred to our Home. She has no home nor relatives, and her removal to the Columbus Home will greatly benefit her, both socially and mentally.

Mrs. Alice Bradley is home again after a three weeks' sojourn in Hamilton and Oxford.

Misses Clara Runck, of Ashley Street, and Eva Berger, of Oak Street, spent one evening recently in West Carrollton, the guests of the Van Doren folks.

The new mansion now in construction on Campbell Street for the Showalter people will not be ready for occupancy until about October 1st.

Miss Carrie Lingle, of South Main Street, has for some time been under the weather. We all hope for her speedy recovery. At one time she was reported very sick, but nothing serious is anticipated. Mrs. Vina Warwick, of Lebanon, was in town Sunday visiting her sister, Mrs. Maggie Holycross. Two other persons were with Mrs. Warwick.

The school for the deaf in Columbus will throw its doors open in three weeks for forty weeks' work. A good many children now in Dayton with their relatives will return to school there. Latest report say there will be more than 500 pupils in attendance this year. This school is considered to the best and managed equipped institution kind in America. It is in the of its hands of its efficient and painstaking officers—Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson. The latter is himself a mute, being educated and graduated at his *alma mater*, and also a graduate of the college for the deaf in Washington, D. C.—*Dayton Daily Journal*, Aug. 24.

Readiness in Excuse.

General Alexander McDowell McCook had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankle deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, you what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I-I am not-t-t a-a-afraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I-I had the ague last year, and—and standing still in this m-m-mud so long has b-b-brought it on aga-again. W-w-wouldn't it-t-t be a g-g-good idea to r-r-run a lit-little and get warmed up?"

Philosophy.

"My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

"But," said the disciple, "is it wise to anticipate disappointment and thus kill about the only chance of enjoyment we have?"

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over.—*Puck.*

The Action of Poison.

Nature seems to have provided that no poison which acts externally shall have any effect internally, and *vice versa*. Thus the most deadly snake venom can be swallowed with impunity, the juices of the stomach presumably decomposing it and rendering it harmless. Many experiments have been made to prove this. On one occasion recorded by Humboldt, one person swallowed the whole of the poison that could be obtained from four Italian vipers without suffering any bad consequence. In the same way the poison from the venomous arrows of South American Indians can be swallowed with safety, provided only that there is no wound on the lips or inside of the mouth.

The Romance of the Klondike.

The gold-miner is the one human being who refuses to recognize the impossible. For three hundred years the nations have been sending their boldest and most resourceful explorers to discover the Pole, and the secret of the North remains a mystery yet. But if it were known that the Pole was surrounded by placer gold-fields, its site would be a bustling mining-camp within a year. The obstacles that have defeated the explorer would not daunt the prospector. He would scramble over the ice-floes, on his hands and knees, if necessary, and he would have his claim staked out before the first summer sun surrendered to the winter night. No story is more interesting than the series concluded in the August number of *The Cosmopolitan*—"Romances of the World's Great Mines," in which the story of the Klondike is graphically told.

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LADIES GAMES.—Potato race, throwing base ball, 50-yards run, putting the shot, egg and spoon race.

NOTICE:—Tug-of-War between the members of the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society, League of Elect Surds, Xavier Deaf-Mutes' Club, Union League of Deaf-Mutes, and the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club, will begin in the early afternoon. A handsome prize will be awarded to the winners.

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